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TRUE BLUE:

OR

BROTHER against BROTHER.

—A—

MILITARY DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS.

WITH ACCOMPANYING TABLEAUX, &c.

BY F. H. BUTTON.

CORRY, PENN'A:
REPUBLICAN STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
1873.

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CAST.

CHARLES CARRINGTON, Afterwards Colonel U. S. A.
GEORGE CARRINGTON,...Afterwards Colonel C. S. A.
HARRY HAVEN,.....Afterwards Color Sergeant.
ALBERT HACKNEY,..... Afterwards Guerrilla Chief.
JIM,..... .....Guerrilla.
BILL,.... ....Guerrilla.
MR. HAVEN,.....Citizen.
HANS LAGERBUM,. .....(who fights mit de Union.)
FLIPPER,.... .....(Mrs. Carrington's Servant.)

LADIES.

MRS. HAVEN, MRS. CARRINGTON, (widow.)
MINNIE HAVEN, BETTIE CARRINGTON.

OFFICERS OF FEDERAL ARMY.

GEN. ROSECRANZ, CHIEF OF STAFF, AID, AND SERGEANT COMPANY A.

OFFICERS OF CONFEDERATE ARMY.

GEN. BRAGG, GEN. MCCOWAN, AID, & CHIEF OF STAFF.

Goddess of Liberty, Peace, and War, etc. Union and Confederate Soldiers, Citizens, Guerrillas, Contrabands, etc., etc.

COSTUME.

CHAS. CARRINGTON—*First*, plain dark suit; *second act, third scene*, old Jean suit; *third*, *fourth*, Federal Uniform.

GEO. CARRINGTON—*First*, light Planter's suit; *second, third and fourth*, Confederate Uniform.

HARRY HAVEN—*First*, plain dark suit; *second, third and fourth*, Federal Uniform.

ALBERT HACKNEY—*First*, light overseer's suit; *second, third and fourth*, Guerrilla suit.

JIM—Guerrilla suit.

BILL—Guerrilla suit.

HANS LAGERBUM—Federal Uniform with short pants, red shirt and red stockings.

FLIPPER—*First*, old dark suit; *second, third and fourth*, ragged suit.

MR. HAVEN—*First*, plain suit, change at will.

MRS. HAVEN—*First*, plain suit, change at will.

MINNIE HAVEN—*First*, light plain suit, change at will.

WIDOW CARRINGTON—*First*, rich dark suit, change at will.

BETTIE CARRINGTON—*First*, rich light suit, change at will.

TRUE BLUE:

—OR—

Brother against Brother.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.

Widow Carrington's Parlor. Widow and Albert Hackney discovered conversing.

Hackney. Well, Mrs. Carrington, there is no use in disguising the fact; we are bound to have war. The people of the South are beginning to realize that they are capable of governing themselves, and it will not be long before they will strike a blow that will forever free them from the tyranny and oppression of the North. It is a bold step, I'll admit, but when we consider the difference between Southern chivalry and northern stupidity, I am certain we shall succeed. I for one am fully prepared for it, and I have chosen the character that I shall assume in the grand struggle for liberty.

Widow. Oh, but war is such a dreadful thing, Mr. Hackney! I do dread it. But then I suppose there is no way to avoid it. But tell me what part you propose to take in it—you surely will not go as a private soldier?

Hack. O, bless you, no; certainly not. A private? bah! Why, I was offered a captain's commission, but would not accept it!

Widow. Indeed! but why not, Mr. Hackney, you would then carry a sword?

Hack. You are right. But then the fact is, there's no money in it. That's what we're after, you know —not honor—so I'll tell you what I've done. I've joined Dick McCann's Independent Scouts, and they are all a fine set of fellows, and as soon as we are armed and equipped, will be off. We can go and come when we please, fight on our own hook, and make all we can; and after the Yanks are whipped and sent home you and I can enjoy ourselves, eh? Ha! ha! ha! (*Rises*) Well, I must go up and see the boys. I'll call again to-morrow. Good day.

Widow. Good day Mr. Hackney. (*Hack. exit* R.)

Enter Bettie, L.

Bettie. Oh, mother, George is coming, and O, I do hope he has a letter from brother Charley.

Enter George L. *hurriedly.*

Widow. Any letters, George?

Geo. No, mother; no letters. I tell you I believe Charley is on the road home, or we would hear from him. (*Takes a paper from his pocket and reads.*)

Bettie. Why, George, you seem excited. Tell us what you have heard in Nashville.

Geo. I have heard a great deal, Bettie; but I have seen more. Talk of future glory! Why only think, mother, Nashville is full of soldiers already—infantry, cavalry and artillery. Oh, it's grand! There is a recruiting station at every street corner. I saw a fellow from down the river this morning, and he says they are mounting guns on Fort Donelson that will blow any Yankee gunboat out of the water in five minutes. Communication is cut off between here and Louisville, and every abolitionist found between here and the Ohio river at the expiration of ten days will be treated as a spy. Oh, but we'll teach those Northern boors that a Southern scorpion will not be trod upon without striking back. (*Takes seat.*)

Widow. Well, I am glad to hear of such a spirit manifested by the free-born sons of the South; and although your father was a Northern man, and a

lover of Northern institutions, yet I cannot think as he used to. I am a native of the sunny South, and therefore I deem it my duty to do all I can to aid her, and I am sure my boys will do the same.

Geo. Good for you mother; and never fear for the boys. I for one shall follow the new flag, and whether we rise or fall I shall give my services to old Tennessee.

Widow. George, don't you think we shall hear from your brother Charles by to-morrow? You know it is four weeks since we received a letter from him, and I am anxious for his safety.

Geo. I should have no fear on his account, mother; he is no doubt safe and sound in Philadelphia, though he ought to be at home. I do not see why he should insist on being educated at a college patronized and supported by Northern mudsills when we have schools of our own here in the South. Besides, he must know by this time that we of the South are preparing for war, and if he has any of his brother's ideas of right and wrong he will hurry South and join us before it is too late.

Bettie. (*Rises.*) And if he has any of our father's principles of honor and patriotism he will do nothing of the kind. George, you know it was father's request that you and Charles should be educated in his native city, Philadelphia. I remember well when we used to live there. I was young then, but I remember the excellent schools of old Pennsylvania—a State where justice is done to all; where a laborer's son is as good as a banker's, and where a little matter of difference is not decided by the bowie-knife and revolver.

Geo. Oh, Bet., you don't know what you are talking about! You had better keep still. War is not a proper subject for young ladies to talk about, any how.

Flipper enters L.

* * Dey's right heah, Missus. Yi! Golly!

(*All go to door.*)

Enter Charles, Harry Haven L. *followed by Flipper, who places chairs and exit.*

Bettie. Oh, Charley, my brother!

Chas. Bettie, (*Embrace*) Mother, George! I am glad to see you. This is Harry Haven. You have all seen him before. He went with us on the big deer hunt, George, two years ago. (*All shake hands.*) Flipper, old boy, here is something for you! (*Business.*) *Exit.*

Geo. Well, Charles; have you heard the news?

Chas. Yes, George; I have heard the news. You would tell me that Tennessee has seceded from the Union. I heard of it at the time, and should have been home before this had not ill health prevented; but, George, have you made no effort to leave Columbia, and remain away until the excitement dies down? The life of a Union man is not worth a fig to-day in the city of Nashville; mob law reigns supreme, and matters will be the same here in less than ten days. Mr Haven, my friend and class-mate, is thoroughly acquainted with the country, and has offered his services to guide you safely across the Kentucky line, where you will find friends and protection.

Geo. Thanks to yourself and friend for the interest you have manifested in our welfare and safety, but allow me to say that you have a very mistaken idea of our situation. I have no fears of mob law, and I intend to remain here and defend my home and property.

Harry. Mr. Carrington; will it not be very unsafe to remain here? As you are known to be a Union man, will they not suspect you of being a spy upon the movements of the Rebel forces?

Geo. Gentlemen; it is useless to deceive you longer. My sympathies are with the South. All my property and interests are in the South, and by Heaven! I am determined to raise my arm in maintaining the rights of the South. No, Sir; we can find pro-

tection without going to northern Abolitionists for it.

Chas. George; I am surprised to hear this from your lips. You do not mean to say that you would take up arms against the Stars and Stripes! No, brother, it cannot be. Would you bring dishonor upon your family and the contempt of every loyal man upon your own head, by turning traitor to our blood-bought Union?

Geo. I mean just what I say. All southerners, with the exception of a few like you, perhaps, stand ready to draw their swords against a Union which no longer offers any guaranty for our rights, or any permanent sense of security, and which has brought us under the domination of a growing fanaticism in the north, the sentiments of which, if carried into legislation, will destroy our institutions, confiscate our property, and even involve our lives. The North has been distinctly warned by the conservative parties of the country, that the election of Lincoln, by a sectional vote, would be taken as a declaration of war, by the South. Your Chicago Convention attempted to conceal the worst designs of Abolitionism under professions of advancing the cause of Freedom in strict accordance with the Constitution and the laws. The South, however, could not be ignorant of the fact or wanting in appreciation of it, that Lincoln was supported by the sympatizers of John Brown. It is known, in a word, that Lincoln owes his election to the worst enemies of the South, and that he would naturally and necessarily select his counsellors from among them, and consult their views in his administration of the Government

Chas. George; I think you are wrong. Your argument is based upon the views of a few political demagogues of the South. I understand the leger demain by which some of the southern States have been juggled out of the Union to gratify the ambition of their leaders. I know your Confederate Dictionary, in which Slavery is called "*the South*;" Rebellion is called "*Secession*;" the execution of the

Laws, "*Coercion*;" and the desires of the conspirators the "*Constitution*!" A man whose mind is so organized that he can adopt those principles, can be made to believe anything. George; I came home expecting to find you Loyal, but I find you a bitter Secessionist.

Geo. Yes; I am a Secessionist; but Charles Carrington, beware how you talk! You are now in a latitude where such language is no longer tolerated; and should your conversation and the sentiments you have expressed be made known to our citizens, I doubt very much if a brother's influence could protect you and your friend from the violence of our excited populace Gentlemen; I am Loyal,—not to your rail-splitting party of the North, but to the principles taught by the chivalrous -ons of the South who have at last dared to lead the van in advocating and maintaining the right of Rebellion, if you wish to call it such, to that principle and to the flag which is destined to lead us from despotism, to the rights and privileges to which we are entitled. I am Loyal, Flipper!

Flip. Yes, sah!

Geo. Bring in the new flag. (*Brings it in and drops it.*) Pick it up, sir! (*Drops again*) You black imp of Satan! pick up that flag and hand it to me! (*Bus.*) Oh, I'll give you fifty lashes for that trick, before sundown, you black scoundrel.

Gentlemen; there is the banner of the Southern Confederacy; and those who prefer the Stars and Stripes had better get where they wave, as quickly as possible, or run the risk of being treated as spies. Charles Carrington, your home is here, and you are a coward if you will not fight for the interest of your State. I repeat, sir; you are a *coward*, if you are my brother.

Bettie. Boys, don't quarrel; please don't! (*Goes to mother.*)

Chas. Aye; and if I were not your brother you would not call me coward more than once, before I

would strike you to the floor. Sir; you forget, perhaps, that I have hot blood, when aroused, as well as yourself, and yet you would not hesitate to provoke a quarrel, which I would avoid; but I am ready to leave. I have been insulted like a dog in my mother's house, where I have as good a right as you; and why? because I would not join with you and your traitorous crew in attempting to overthrow the best Government on earth. You have now forfeited all claims to the respect of Loyal men. You have brought dishonor upon the memory of our dead father whose virtues and high sense of honor was only eqalled by his patriotism! You have denounced the principles taught by Tennessee's lion-hearted Statesman, old Hickory Jackson, whose only regret while in the presidential chair was that he did not hang the man who first preached your infernal doctrine of Secession. My respect, sir, you cannot have, nor do I ask yours; and I here denounce you as worse than a coward, a traitor to your country; and any man who will turn his back on the Star Spangled Banner of our Union, and cast it aside for that flaunting rag of Secession, is a disgrace to mankind!

Geo. By Heaven! that is an insult I will not take even from my own brother! (*Bus.*)

Flip. Massa Charley, shall I step on de boy?

Chas. No, Flipper; let him up. (*Ext' Flip.*)

Geo. Leave the house, curse you! If you were not backed by your friend, there, I would yet teach you that I am your superior; but I shall not forget that blow, Charles Carrington; and the day will come when I will repay you for this insult in a manner which you will long remember. Sir; I command you once more to take your abolition friend and leave the house.

Ch s. I will, sir; but I will return again, and when I do, it will be with the old flag, and loyal thousands to support it, whose motto is "the Union must and shall be preserved."

Widow. My dear boys! do not part in anger; and

whatever differences of opinion you may have, do not forget that you are brothers.

Bettie. Oh, Mother; this is terrible! George, you have forgotten the hospitality due your brother and his friend.

Geo. Humph! I would sooner welcome one of my dogs into the house, than extend the hospitality which would be denied me by either of them. No; from this hour those two men are my enemies.

Harry. Mr. Carrington; your conduct toward me has not been that of a gentleman; and please bear in mind that I, too, was born in the South, and can remember an insult as long as you can.

Geo. Yes, but you shall never reach Cumberland Gap alive. (*Spoken aside.*) *Exit R.*

Widow. Stay, George!

Chas. Let him go, mother, for should we have any more words our quarrel might end in bloodshed. Sister Bettie, I dread to leave you here; and mother, I know your sympathies are with the South, where you will think you are safe; but war, you know is a cruel necessity, and women as well men, are ofttimes in great danger.

Widow. Charles; we have friends here, and George will take care of us I am sure, unless he joins the Rebel army, and is ordered to some other point.

Bettie. Which God forbid!

Widow. Charles; will you not stay and join the ——?

Bettie. No mother.

Chas. Mother; don't ask that of me. I would sooner die like a dog, than fight for your Stars and Bars, in open rebellion to my Government and the principles taught me by my father. No; you have one son who has turned traitor, the other goes with the Union, right or wrong.

Enter Flip. hastily. L

* * Mind ole Flip. now and save yesef quick!

Chas. Thank you, Flip. Harry; it is getting too warm around here, and we must be off. (*Harry bids adieu to Bettie.*) I do not want to be captured until I have at least one chance to strike a blow for the North. Good-bye, mother. Should you get in too much danger here, have Flipper take you over to Murfreesboro, to uncle Edward's. Here, Bettie; take this, and guard it well from traitorous eyes; for, should they see it, they will take it from you; and should I never return, remember that I died in defense of the starry emblem of our Union. Good-bye Sister; good-bye Mother; God bless you both. (*Music*—HOME, SWEET HOME.) *Mother and Bettie Embrace in tears.*

SCENE SECOND.

Enter Geo. and Albert Hackney R., *armed.*

Geo. Albert, they must have gone this way, it is the only path by which they could reach the river without going through the village, which they would not dare to do. Curse the luck! I am afraid they have escaped us.

Hack. By Jove! let's take our horses George, and and we can overhaul them before they get half way to Chappel Hill. We are well armed, and as for me, I'd like no better fun than to give them a chase. You perhaps would not want to shoot your brother, but I'll fix him and you can take the stranger. Eh, Geo?

Geo. I do not wish you to murder my brother sir, there will be time enough hereafter, for me to settle with him. It's that infernal Yankee that I want. But then, its no use, for they both know the country and are in the mountains before this time. Hello! here comes Flipper. Step back, he knows which way they went, and I'll make him tell too, or flog him. (*Both step back.*)

Enter Flipper, L.

* * Golly! is ye done wid dat Massa Hack-

ney? If ye is, I'll go and put a cotton seed poultice on it.

Hack. I'll put a poultice over your mouth you black villain—

Flipper. Yah! Yah! Golly! it ud take a whole bale of cotton to do dat job. (*looks up and sees Geo. —scared*).

Geo. Ah! you may well look scared you old buzzard, for I know all now, and you may bet your life I'll get even with you. Which way did my brother and his Yankee friend go? Tell me the truth now and I may let you off—

Flipper. Yah! Yah! Golly! wont you give me dem fifty lashes, Massa Geo., if I tells ye de trufe? (*Business*).

Geo. No; be quick about it.

Flipper. Yes sah! I'll tell you Massa George, dey —dey done went up de lane back ob de barn. (*Aside*) Dat's a whopper.

Geo. Lie will you? Didn't we just come from that way? (*Draws pistol.*) (*Business*).

Flipper. * * Golly, pint de snozzle ob dat weapon towards de groun, so I can't see dat little hole in de end ob it. (*Business.*) (*Geo. leads him off by the ear*, R.)

Geo. Let the black imp go Hackney. He has beaten us this time, but I'll settle his hash when I've nothing else to do. We have work before us and must lose no time, we must get some of the boys together and wake up those Unionists at Mt. Pleasant to-morrow night, and learn them that Maury County is too hot a place for union sympathizers. I agreed to meet a friend at 8 o'clock to-night; have everything ready and I will join you in due time.

Hack. All right George and don't fail to be on hand. (*Hack exit* R., *Geo. exit* L.)

SCENE THIRD.

(*Scene opens on Lawn. Quick music. Enter Rebel Soldiers* R. *commanded by Col. Geo. Carrington, company march around stage. Enter Gen. Bragg and staff* L., *company present arms, Gen. and staff salute.*)

Geo. General, we stand before you a company of Freeman who have sworn allegiance to the new flag. We realize the duty required of us, and enter upon that duty with the determination to so conduct ourselves as to merit the esteem of our Commander and win the respect and admiration of our Government.

Bragg. Soldiers! the horrors of civil war have burstupon us in all their fury. We have been forced by the Lincoln Government to choose between two things: that of yielding to the despotic sway of the leading Abolitionists, or rising in our might to repel the invaders of our soil with the bayonet and sword. Soldiers! the time has come for you to act; the hirelings of the North have already invaded our State, and the chivalrous sons of the South must unite as one in hurling death and defiance in the face of the mercenary horde, who would rob us of the blessings and privileges we now enjoy, and trample under foot the rights to which we are entitled as free and independent citizens. In the hour of battle stand firm, with your face to the foe, and show to our Northern adversaries that the spirit of the South is indeed aroused. Comrades! we welcome you to our ranks, and while on the march or in battle, always bear in mind that the first duty of a soldier is obedience to orders. Follow your Commander; and remember that you fight for your homes. (*To Col. C.*) In that package you will find your commission, and also your orders to report for duty at the Head Quarters of General Johnson. (*Music. Soldiers march off* R., *Gen. and Staff* L. *Scene closes.*)

SCENE FOURTH.

(*Scene in kitchen. Widow and Bettie discovered at table.*

Bettie. Mother; what are we going to do? Since we have been left alone the Confederate soldiers have taken everything from us. All our stock have been driven off, and we have scarcely enough left to keep us from starvation.

Widow. Heaven only knows, my child: but Mr. Hackney has some influence with the commanding officers, and as he is such a good man, I presume that he will do all in his power that will add to our comfort.

Bettie. Mother you are deceived in Albert Hackney—he is a bad man, and I would sooner starve than accept charity from the hand of a drunken rebel like him—the leader of a gang of Guerillas who march under the Confederate flag, and whose business is robbing and plundering the poor Unionists. No, mother; the day will come when your respect for that man will be turned to hate, for you will yet see his character in its true light.

Enter Hark. R. C., *Drunk.*

Hack. Hooray for the bonnie blue flag. that bears but a single star! Good mornin, ladies! nice mornin, eh! (*hic*) give me something to eat, Sis! (*hic*) come be lively now! (*hic*).

Bettie. There is nothing in the house for you, Sir.

Widow. I am surprised at your conduct Mr. Hackney, leave the house, Sir. or I shall call the servants.

Hack. (*Hic*) Pshaw, now, ye don't say! (*draws pistol*) I wouldn't call any servants, it might (*hic*) be dangerous for 'em. Look-a-here, Sis; did ye know I'd (*hic*) joined Dick McCann's Geurillas, eh?

Bettie. Yes, you are too great a coward to join the regular army; and I wish you would leave the house Sir; your room is preferable to your company!

Hack. Whew! Well I aint ready ye see! (*hic*) Say! Sis, we'd gobbled up some Union Bush-whackers tother night (*hic*) if it hadn't a been for that nigger o' yourn; he give 'em warning, and the consequence was (*hic*) they ambushed us and killed four of our boys, (*hic*).

Bettie. Good! Hurrah for the Union! (*waves flag.*)

Hack. What! the Stars and Stripes! How dare you wave that flag before my face? (*hic*).

Bettie. It is mine, Sir; and I shall wave it where I please.

Hack. No, you wont; I want that flag, (*hic*) and I'll have it too; and I warn you not to arouse me either (*hic*) or I may do you harm. (*Hic*).

Bettie. Sir, that flag was given me by my loyal brother, and I'll learn you, that his loyal sister can defend it.

Hack. Curse me if you were not a woman I'd soon learn you manners; but I want that infernal flag, and as you refuse to let me have it, I'll take it by force. (*Rushes at her. Bettie draws pistol and it misses fire. Flip enters followed by* Widow, L. C. *Flip. hurls Hack. to* R.

Flip. * * Ye can't hab dat flag, Sonny, dat's so.

Hack. By Heaven! we'll see, curse you! (*draws bowie, Flip. draws pistol. Enter Gerillas* R. C.) Here boys; capture that nigger! (*Flip. draws another pistol*).

Flip. Yah! Yah! Dat's played out. Come and see me! But ye'll hab ter bring annoder regiment before ye can take de ole flag! (*Music.*) (*Scene closes with Tableaux of Secession in rear.*

ACT II

SCENE FIRST.

Mr. and Mrs. Haven discovered R. *Minnie, Chas. C. and Harry at Piano* L. *Song,* "FLAG OF OUR UNION."

Mr. H. (*Reading paper.*) Well, Harry, they are having lively work down near our old home in Tenn., and our Boys in Blue are needed down there to to teach those cotton planters a lesson. I am glad that your regiment starts for the front to-day.

Harry. Yes, father; and we will not reach the front any too soon. I wish I was there now, and still I dread to leave you with mother and Minnie alone.

Mr. H. Never mind us, my boy; you know we are among friends It is a duty you owe your country; and, old as I am, I would shoulder my old musket and step into the ranks before I would see the North lack for volunteers to suppress this rebellion!

Minnie. No, Harry, don't worry about us; we may have to suffer a little here at home, but it will be nothing to what you and Charley will have to endure. Oh! I wish I was a man! I—

Harry. Tut! tut! Minnie; what would Charley do?

Chas. Minnie, you can help us by knitting socks and mittens for us, making needle cases, and more than all by writing us good long letters.

Mrs. H. Harry, my boy, I can hardly bear to think of parting with you under such circumstances as these; and yet I know that our counlry is in danger, and is the duty of every one to defend her in the hour of peril. (*Knock—enter Hans L.*)

Hans. Goot tay! How your helt vas, aw?

Mr. H. Very good, Hans; take a seat. (*Takes seat.*)

Hans. Vell, Gaptain, it ish better of you got mit

yourself backed mid dod knapsack righd away guick, aind ud?

Chas. Yes, Hans, we are all ready.

Harry. Mr. Lagerbum, my sister Minnie, just returned from college.

Hans. Aw, ish dod so; vell, I ish ferry happy to make you aquainded.

Minnie. You are going for a soldier, too, are you?

Hans. Yaw, by Yiminy! I goes to fied mid Seigle an de ret vite und plue! I tole you a ven Dietcher comes over mid dis gountry, he gomes to shday; und of efer you knows a Dietchman to gome ofer mid dis blace und live, und be shust like a Yankee, und den go back on der Union? Aw dod never vas, by Yiminy, dond ud?

Mrs. H. Well, Hans, you make a very fine appearance in your new uniform.

Hans. Aw, you tink so; vell, all de ladies vot I see say, 'Hans you vill make a prave soldier, und a feller mid such a sblendid chest like you got endure big hardships.' I knows vot dey means all de vile, but den I dond got mat aboud ud, by Yiminy, I tole 'em lager and sweitzer kase make dot chest.

Chas. Well, Hans, we will have a chance to test your metal before a week hence. We start this evening for the South, you know.

Hans. Yah, Gaptain, I ish ready; und I go right away home und pits um goot by, and got my ganteen full of lager, aw.

Chas. All right, Hans.

Hans. Shake (*old gent, lady and Minnie shake with Hans*) goot py!

Mr. H. Good bye, Hans. Be true to the flag and return with the respect and gratitude of your adopted country.

Hans. By Yiminy, I vill do dot; ven Hans Lagerbum goes pack on der Union, vy den you know he vas blayed mid himself oud. (*Exit* L.)

Mr. H. Harry, you will no doubt be of great ser-

vice to our government as a guide in Tenn.

Harry. Yes, father, I intend to make my knowledge of the country useful to me.

Minnie. Well, the next time you go to Columbia you will bring Charley's sister home, won't you, Harry?

Harry. That is a hard question to answer, Minnie That rebel brother of Charley's might be there to raise an objection to such a proceeding.

Chas. Never mind, Harry. They outnumbered us before, but I trust it will not be long before the blue coats will occupy Tennessee, and then we shall have things our own way. (*Drum beats. Looks to* L.) There's the long roll, Harry; the train is at the depot and the boys are bidding their friends farewell. (*Go s for sword and belt* R. *Goes to Mr. and Mrs. Haven.*) Good bye!

Harry. Hurrah for the front and our first rations of hard tack! Good bye Minnie! Father and mother, your blessing! (*Chas goes to Minnie.*)

Mr. H. Good bye, Harry! Remember you carry the colors; do not surrender them.

Harry. I will not, father, as long as I have strength to defend them.

Mrs. H. Oh, my son! God grant that you may return to us. (*Music—Harry and Chas exit* L—*Minnie, Father, Mother—Tableau—Scene closes.*)

SCENE SECOND.

Enter Hans L. with song and dance. (*Scene opens on bivouac.*)

SCENE THIRD.

Bivouac. Enter Capt. C.

The boys are all asleep; we have had a long and weary march and are in the enemy's country at last. Nashville and Donelson are already ours and we will soon be at Franklin, which is only twenty miles from Columbia, the home of my mother, brother,

and sister Bettie. I wonder if they are at the old homestead yet, or has my chivalrous brother kept his word, and instead of making his rebellious influence their protection, he has joined the Confederate Army and left mother and Bettie to the mercy of those who would soon rob them of all they possess and drive them starving and penniless from home. I hope that our line of march will strike the Huntsville road, for then I will be enabled to see them, or at least hear from them; and should we march towards Murfreesboro, where the enemy are strongly entrenched, I will then take Harry with me and make an effort to reach Columbia, even if I have to enter the enemy's lines. Well, it must be near morning, and we will soon be on the march again; and as I have something of importance to say to Harry, I will awake him. (*Goes to Harry. Drum beats.*)

Sergt. Fall in for roll call. (*Bus.*)

Capt. C. Well, come on Harry, we wont wait for coffee this morning.

Harry. Good bye boys! we are going on a little scout. Sergeant, I leave the colors in your charge until I return. (*Exit* R. *Soldiers take breakfast.*)

Hans. Lightning und dunder! look of dot bug. Ven I look of dot hart dack I git righd away so mad I could eat mit myself a big bologna sausage. By Yiminy dere was a blenedy shickens und geeses mid dis blaces, und of I dond got leaf und go foraching righd away, I goes mit Sheneral Seigel und got my discharge from dis gompany out. By Yiminy! of I dond get something pooty quick better ash hart dack vy den I loses all my sblendid broportions, and make mineselluf look like a ba'end glosepin. Dond ud?

Sergt. You'll get captured Hans.

Hans. Ish dat so; vell I takes all Shermany along und den it was better of dey make of me room, und I goes vere I bleases, dond ud?

Sergt. All right, Hans, give us a song and then go out and try your luck. (*Contrabands join in dance.*

Scene 4th 22

Co. fall in march off L. *Hans in rear.*
Enter Gens Bragg and McCown and Chief of Staff.

Bragg Gentlemen ; I have reliable information that the enemy are receiving reinforcements at Franklin.

McCown. General, I do not think that Rozencranz' army is over 40,000 strong and they dare not attack us with that force in the position we now occupy.

Enter Aide R. *salutes.* General, our scouts report a general advance of the enemy. (*Exit aide.*)

Bragg. Hold! (*Aide turns and salutes.*) Tell Col. Carrington to report here immediately. (*Exit aide*). They shall not catch us napping ; the ground in our front has been thoroughly examined in order select a position in case of surprise ; and our troops will be thrown forward as follows: Polk's Corps, with Cheatham's Division, will occupy our centre ; Kirby Smith's Corps and McCown's Division on our right, and Hardee's Corps at Triune on our left. (*enter Chas. in disguise*), while Breckenridge and Cleburis' Divisions will occupy the hills at the bend of Stone River, which is a point of great importance. I have a written order which I wish to send them in regard to it, for should the enemy beat us at that point nothing could save our army from rout and defeat. (*Chas. advances*) Well, old man, what will you have?

Chas. Well, ye see, Gen'l, I reckoned as how I'd come down to de headquarters and see if I couldn't git a pass. You see, Gen'l, I'm an ole man, and I tries to make a livin for de ole woman an me by sellin pies an things in de camp of our brave Confedrit soldiers ; an sometimes I goes whar I ain't know'd, an den dey asks me to show a pass, an wen I tells 'em I ain't got any, why I done have to go before de Gen'l don't ye see?

Bragg. Where do you live, sir?

Chas. Why, Gen'l, I lives way up among de hills, jist south o' de Franklin Pike. I tells ye, Gen'l, dey

am a heap o' our Southern boys up dar sure, and de Yankees is jist catching it too. By golly, they aint got the ginger in 'em 'at our boys has.

Bragg. Is Gen'l Wharton's cavalry near your place.

Chas. Oh yes, Gen', I knows all about Wharton's Cav'lry. Why I tole 'em one time whar day was a kit o' dese Union Refugees, ye know; and dey went in de night and surrounded 'em and bagged de whole lot uv 'em. I tell ye, Gen'l. dey's a mighty sharp lot of o' boys, now sure.

Bragg. Will you furnish me with all the information you can if I give you a pass?

Chas. Oh yes, Gen'l. Ill find all I can, and I rec'n as how I can do our army a heap 'o good, too.

Bragg. Here is a pass, then, and should you discover anything concerning the Yankee forces report it at once.

Chas. I'll do dat, Gen'l. Why look a here, Iv'e got two boys in the Southern army, an by golly my heart's with 'em too. (*Goes to* R.)

(*Enter Col. C. Salutes*) General, I received orders to report to you.

Bragg. Yes, Col., I have important business with you.

Chas It is my brother George in the uniform of a field officer. (*aside.*)

Bragg. Col., here is a package of orders which must be delivered to Gen. Breckenridge without delay, as they are concerning the defence of the fords and bridges on Stone River. You will then at once proceed to the headquarters of Gen. Polk for further orders. (*Exit* R.)

Chas. (*aside*) Old Rosy must see those papers.

(*Enter aide with papers.*) Gen., here is a communication from Gen Hardee. (*Exit* R.)

(*Bragg reads*): To Gen Bragg: Sir—The Commander's tent was entered last night, and all official reports and papers, together with maps, charts and orders from the Secretary of War, were all taken.

Chas. (*aside.*) Harry has succeeded then. I will return to the cave where I agreed to meet him, and then by a route over the hills I can intercept my brother with his dispatches. (*Exit* R.)

Bragg. The guard was passed by a man in the uniform of a staff officer, who gave the correct countersign. Look out for spies! Is it possible that we have so dangerous an enemy in our midst? (*to chief of Staff.*) Let the guard be doubled; strengthen the picket line at once and detail trusty men as patrols, with orders to arrest all suspicious persons. You will also send a squad of cavalry in pursuit of the stranger who has just left. I believe him to be a Federal spy. (*officer salutes and exit.*) I want every officer at his post in readiness to move at a moment's notice. (*Music—all exit* R.—*scene opens on wood.*)

SCENE FOURTH.

Enter Flipper, Widow Carrington and Bettie.

Flipper. * * Ole Flip 'ill do the best he can for ye. (*Places hat.*) Dar, take a seat.

Bettie. Never mind me, Flipper, but find the main road, go to some farm house and get mother something to eat; we have nothing left, and she is so hungry.

Flipper. * * De good Lor, am it wrong for de ole man to steal food to keep de missus from starvin?

Widow. Flipper, there is all I have; take it and do the best you can.

Flip. * * Never took nuffin bigger nor a smoke house in all my life. Yah! Yah!

Widow. Flipper, how far are we from home?

Flip. * * bout 40 or 50 miles.

Widow. Do you know where we are now?

Flip. * * Now, Missuss, Ise gwine to find somefin ter eat; and I doesn't want yer ter leave dis yere place. Will yer?

Widow. Don't go far, Flipper. You don't know what might happen us.

Flip. * * If I don't I hopes ter nebber see de back o' my neck. (*exit* L.)

Widow. Bettie, my child, how long will this last? Oh, how long must we remain in this wild, strange country, forsaken and alone! Little did I think when your brother Charles warned me of the consequences which would result from my adherence to the South, that we should finally be deserted by the very ones who had promised to help and protect us; and instead of receiving the aid and sympathy due from one being to another, we have been obliged to give up our home and seek safety in flight; and where are my sons, George and Charles? Oh, Heaven! to think that they are deadly enemies! The thought nearly crazes me! Bettie, what if they should meet in battle? Oh, it is too terrible to think of!

Bettie. Mother, do not let such thoughts enter your mind. You must not get excited now; we are in a perilous situation indeed, but all will yet be well. I trust that we shall soon be among friends where we can stay until the war is over, and then we will go back to our old home again. And I hope and pray that George and Charles may escape the horrors of the battlefield, and return home with all hatred and animosity banished from their hearts and join hands once more as brothers. So cheer up, mother dear, remember there are thousands of Unionists in Tennessee whose lot is far worse than ours. God pity them! Sad, sad indeed, is the fate of a Union Refugee. (*Song*—"*Wandering Refugee.*") Have courage, mother; something tells me that we shall soon be under the protection of the old flag.

Enter Hans, backward, followed by Flip.

Flip. * * ye missus! Yah! Yah!

Hans. Ish dot so? Vell, by Yiminy, it ish petter uv you shtop a leedle. Of I had my old Shermany I vould make one less of dem plack felloes mid der goundry righd avay guick! You vas prave like a

sheep, ven you got my old Shermany vot you shood mid, und I nodings got vot I defent mid mineselluf, ain'd ud? aw. Vell, by Yiminy! vot you done mid me now.

Flip. * * dat goose.

Hans. Vell you take dot geeses. He vas died more ash 10 days. Ha, ha!

Bettie. Flipper, where did you find this man?

Flip. * * You must live on goose and possum fat by de look ob dat tank ob yourn.

Widow. Flipper, perhaps this man is a soldier; he wears a uniform. (*Business.*)

Flip. * * hossifer in de Rebel Army?

Hans. Ish I in de Rebel Army? Nod much, mine frient. I fights mid der Union and der ret, vite and plue; und, by Yiminy I nefer goes pack on ud! Laties, dot vos der Yankee plue, und I ish Hans Lagerbum, from old Bennsylvania.

Flip. * * Dis yere chicken 'ill resign an go it on his own hook.

Bettie. You can act as lieutenant, Flipper; come roll up those blankets. Sir; did you say you were from Pennsylvania?

Flip. * * been cotched a stealin geese.

Hans. Yaw! I ish fron dot places vot dey call der Quaker Cidy.

Flip. * * jist swallered a bale o' goose fedders. Yah! yah!

Widow. Were you acquainted with any one in Philadelphia by the name of Carrington?

Hans. Yaw! I knows a fellar of dot names. He was Sharley Carrington; und he vos gaptain of dot gompany vat I fights mid.

Bettie. Oh, mother!

Widow. Where is he? Tell me quick. He is my son.

Hans. Ish dot so? Vell I leave 'im boud fife mile from dis blaces.

Bettie. Oh, mother! let us go to him at once.

Flip. * * I'll foller in de rear wid de bag-

gage. (*exit* L.—*music.*)

Enter Col. C. and Hackney.

Geo. Well, Albert, I did not expect to see you in this part of the country; it must be that guerrilla life in the mountains did not pay very well; but how are matters down in Maury County? Is everything lovely down home?

Hack. Well, George, that's mighty hard to tell, for I haven't been there in a long time. The last time I was there your mother and sister were well, but in rather destitute circumstances.

Geo. Is it possible? Why they had everything that heart could wish when I left home. Albert, I should have thought that would have helped them in my absence; you know they were alone without a protector, and I am astonished to hear that they have come to want among those whose duty it is to help them.

Hack. Well, I did the best I could for them till they flared up at me. I'll tell you George; I did not meet with a very pleasant reception the last time I called there. That sister of yours had the impudence——

Geo. What, sir?

Hack. Well, I mean she waved the stars and stripes before my face, which I did not like very well, and so I remonstrated, and was about to take possession of the flag myself, when I was confronted by that old nigger of yours, who came near blowing my brains out with an old horse pistol; and so I left and I thought I would not go there again. By the way, George, have you ever heard anything from that headstrong brother of yours.

Geo. No; and the longer we are separated the better it will be for him. He is in the Yankee army I suppose. Well, good bye, Albert; I would like to see mother and Bettie, but I cannot leave my command now. I might have been granted leave of absence a few days ago; but we are near the enemy's

lines now, and every man is needed. Gen. Breckenridge should have had these papers before this time and I must be off, so take good care of yourself.

Hack. All right! I presume we shall have a hard battle with the Yanks before long; and if we do, look out for No. 1, and I'll do the same. Good bye; and be careful of yonr papers. (*Enter Chas and Harry* R. *Harry hurls Hack, to* R, *who draws knife. Chas. takes papers from Geo., and both draw knives.)*

Chas. I'll take care of those papers, George Carrington! We'll see which army occupies the hill at the bend of the river!

Geo. Who are you sir?

Chas. Charles Carrington, at your service! (*Takes off disguise.*) You might have seen me peddling pies this morning, at Gen. Bragg's headquarters.

Geo. Ah! it's you, is it? And in the character of a Yankee spy. Give me those papers if you wish to live!

Chas. You said you were my superior; if you are you can have them! (*Music.—Chas. and Geo., Harry and Hack. engage in a hand to hand fight. Geo. and Hack. brought to their knees. Tableau. End of Act II.*

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.

Enter Gen. Rosencranz, aide and Chief of Staff.

Gen. Rosey. Col.; have you heard from Gen. Stanley yet?

Chf. Gen., I have; and he has taken his position as you directed.

Gen. Rosey. Does he report anything in regard to the movements of the enemy's cavalry?

Chf. Gen., he stated that Wheeler's Cavalry crossed the Cumberland River ahead of him about a week ago.

Gen. If that is the case, they will no doubt make an effort to reach our rear by way of Lavergne.

Chf. Gen.; I have also to report the arrival of two

brigades, and our ammunition and supply train from Nashville.

Gen. Good! We will send Gen Bragg a few minnie balls and percussion shells as a New Year's gift! (*Enter guard with Chas. and Harry.*) Gen.; here are two men who claim to be from the Confederate line.

Gen. Who are you; and what is your business in entering our lines?

Chas. Gen; I am a captain in the Federal army. My name is Chas. Carrington; and this is Sergt. Harry Haven, of my company We were granted a leave of absence, signed by the Division Commander, nearly a week ago; and being acquainted with the country, we went beyond our lines. We spent the most of our time in the Confederate camps, where we have gained information which we trust will be of great importance to our cause. There it is. (*Hands Gen. package.*)

(*Gen. Reads.*) Why! here is a communication direct from the Confederate War Department to Gens. Hardee and Bragg! How did you obtain possession of this?

Chas. Gen.; Serg't Haven captured those papers. He is here to answer your question.

Harry. Gen.; I succeeded, by a little strategy, in obtaining the countersign, which enabled me to pass the guards without suspicion; and as Gen. Hardee and staff were examining the rebel fortifications, I entered his tent and found those papers; after which in the uniform of a rebel officer, I easily escaped and joined my captain.

Gen. And here are dispatches from Gen. Bragg to Breckenridge, together with plans of their defences on Stone River. Sir; you must have taken these from a courier.

Chas. Yes, Gen.; I had the honor of taking those papers from my own brother.

Gen. What? have you a brother in the Condfederate army?

Chas. Sir; I am sorry to say that I have. At the breaking out of the war our opinions were different; we quarreled and separated. He joined the Confederate army and I the Union.

Gen. Well, Captain; yourself and comrade have accomplished that which few men would dare to undertake. These papers are indeed of great importance to us, and the men who would voluntarily risk as much as you have in obtaining them deserve the respect and admiration of every officer and soldier in the army; and you shall be remembered in my official report to Washington. You will at once report to your commands for duty. (*C. and H. salute and exit.*) (*To aide*): Deliver these papers to General Thomas immediately; and tell Gen. McCook to hold his position to the right of Crittenden until further orders. (*Music—Aide salutes and exit* L., *followed by Gen. and staff.—Scene opens.*)

SCENE SECOND.

Enter Albert Hackney, Jim and Bill, Guerrillas.

Hack. Come on boys! come on! Bill, give me that bottle. (*Drinks.*) Ah, but the thought of being brought to my knees by a Yankee spy; why it's enough to drive a fellow mad. But never mind; this war ain't over yet, and ye may cuss me if I don't have satisfaction, too. (*Drinks.*)

Jim. Why, what about it, Cap?

Hack. What about it, you blockhead! If you'd obeyed orders and followed me, as I told you, instead of snooping 'round for apple jack and whiskey, you'd have known as much as I do about it. (*drinks.*) Ye know George Carrington; he's a colonel now in the volunteers. Well, I met him up here about two miles, at the ford, ye know. (*drinks.*) Well, we talked a while, and was jist agoin ter shake hands, when up come a couple o' strangers in grey uniform, who proved to be the Colonel's Yankee brother and a comrade. Bah! (*drinks.*) Well, one of 'em snatch-

ed some official papers from the Colonel's belt, and then they both drew their toothpicks on us, and of course we did the same. Well, it's all the good it did us; for, by Jove, they brought us both to grass before we got fairly warmed up; and I, for one, was mighty glad to get away with a few scratches. (*Drinks.*) Whoo! Boys; ye ought a come up about that time. I tell ye 'twould a been a feather in our caps to captur'd 'em. Old Bragg ud a give us all a commission in the regular army. (*Drinks.*) But who cares—hooray! What difference does it make to a guerrilla which side whips, as long as he can fill his pockets, eh? Take a drink. (*All drink.*) Jim, let's have a little poker, while Bill stands guard. (*Bus.*)

Bill. I say, Cap., look a-here; there's some one comin this way, an it ain't any of our boys either.

Hack. Hello! by Jove, it's a Yankee soldier, and there's two women and a nigger a follerin' him Get back boys; when they come up we'll gobble the whole squad. Boys, you take the Yankee and nigger, and I'll take the women. (*Bus.*)

Hans. Hi, yi! Dond dake of a fellar's advantages like dod! Shdop a leedle, of ye bleases.

Hack. Oh, yes, we'll stop your mouth a little. Bill; bind that nigger so he can't move. Well, here's beauty as well as booty. Hello! I wonder if I haven't seen part of this crowd before. Eh? Sis; you remember me, don't you? Oh, turn up yer nose if ye want to; you'll feel different afore long I reckon. What do you think about it, old lady, eh? Trying to get to the Yankee lines, are ye? And youv'e got a a sweet-looking escort, too!—a blue jay and a turkey buzzard! ha! ha! Say; what did ye leave home for any how?

Widow. We are trying to find friends, sir. We were forced to fly from home to avoid the insults and persecutions of just such men as you.

Hack. Yes; well ye won't fly much further, I reckon; for I'll hang yer Yankee escort and nigger

before your eyes, and then I'll start you for Bragg's headquarters where the Colonel is?

Bettie. What, George?

Hack. Yes; I left him not a mile from here this morning; and the army to which that would-be hero belongs is not over two miles from here, but he'll never see it again.

Hans. Ish dot so?

Flip. * * want a mighty stout rope te hang you wid, suah.

Hans. Vell, you nod pe afrait pooty much, aind ud? By Yiminy! of I got loose of my hants I vip te whole tree quicker ash lightning already.

Hack. Boys; go through that Dutchman and see if he has got any money. I don't suppose the nigger's got any; and in the meantime, ladies, I'll take what jewelry you've got. I'll take that pin the first thing; and then that ring on your finger.

Bettie. Oh, you contemptible wretch! have you no respect for us? Are you so degraded that you would rob a defenceless woman?

Hack. Yes; I would rob any one of your family when I have the chance. I have not forgotten the last time I called on you, and the insult you gave me. I am only getting even now; and don't be too crank Sis, or I may tame you a little. Come, hand over!

Hans. Dond you done ud.

Flip. * * in New Jersey fust.

Widow. You cannot have it sir!

Hack. I can't, eh? Well, I can help myself.

(*Hans and Flip. get loose and rush to Guerrillas. Hans with knife and Flip. with pistols. Bus.*)

Flip. * * jist drap dem pistols and git.

Hans. Of I efer got you any more ven I goes oud, I make of you gone died right avay, dond ud?

(*Guerrillas exit* L., *Hans and Flip.* L.—*Music*)

SCENE THIRD.

Federal Sentinel discovered pacing from L. *to* R. *Takes picture from pocket.*

My dear wife and babies! Two long years have passed since I left our Northern home! Two years since I bade my loved ones farewell, and with my comrades marched to the front to face death in defence of the Union; and I have passed through terrible scenes since then—scenes of blood and carnage that I hope never to witness again. Many of our brave boys have fallen, by disease and by the enemy's shot and shell on the battlefield. Many have looked upon father, mother, wife and children for the last time on earth; and many a time have we went the rounds with the picket relief, and found the sentinel asleep in death, shot down by an unseen foe without a moment's warning. Ah! my darling will I ever be permitted to clasp you in my arms again; or shall I, too, be numbered with the thousands that have been slain in this cruel strife? (*Kisses picture.*) I know not why it is, but I feel to-night that I shall never see our dear home again. (*Turns to* R. *and brings musket to a "ready."*) 'Twas nothing but a nightbird, or the wind, perhaps, sighing through the tall cedars. (*Walks to* L. *Shot heard from* R. *Sentinel staggers.*) Oh, comrades! Oh! if they knew what that shot did they would come to my aid! (*Turns to* R.) You infernal, skulking cowards! Oh! wife—children!—I am dying! dying! Fare—farewell—dear ones at home. (*Falls and dies. Scene opens on tableau, wife and two children in prayer.*)

Enter Chas. C. and two soldiers L.

Chas. Sh—step carefully, boys; we are near the enemy's picket lines, and the least noise may draw their fire on us. Careful! see their camp fires on the ridge yonder! They are as busy as bees, too, preparing for the struggle which must soon take place. Hello! who is this? Why, it is a blue coat, and he has just died, for his body is yet warm. Poor

fellow! he has been shot by a cursed grayback lurking among yonder trees and bushes. Boys; it is terrible to die thus, far away from your home and friends; but such are the fortunes of a soldier, who must obey orders if he loses his life by it. This comrade has done his duty and has died at his post. Boys raise him up, gently now, and carry him back to the old log cabin in the opening, and await there until I return. (*Exit soldiers* L.) I wish to learn more of the enemy's strength at this point. and if I had a reb uniform I would venture within their lines. (*Enter Geo. Carrington, Hack. and rebel soldiers, who rush upon Chas. and secure him.*)

Chas. George Carrington!

Geo. Aye; it's me, my bluebird! Ha! ha! You are caged at last, and you are in a fair way to ascertian our strength without the aid of a Confederate uniform. Ha! ha! ha! Well, I must confess that this is a pleasure which I had not anticipated quite so soon.

Hack. I say, Colonel, ye had the right man in the right place that time. If I hadn't a been scoutin' along the lines, and caught sight of this fellow, ye wouldn't a bagged him so nicely; and I reckon I ought to have that toothpick of his'n for my share in the business.

Chas. You sneaking, cowardly cur! You may get it in a manner which will not be very agreeable. You are the renegade, no doubt, who shot our picket here a short time ago.

Hack. Well, now yer right for once; and I could have popped you over the same way, only I knew the Col. here would like to have ye in his power; so thank me for yer life.

Geo. Come: we have no time to waste here, besides we are too near the Yankee lines to be comfortable. Capt. Carriugton, I will trouble you for that sword. It don't look well to see a prisoner armed.

Chas Sir; I am a prisoner, and as such I must be disarmed; but if you think I am going to surrender

my sword to you, you are greatly mistaken, for I never will! (*Throws sword to* L.) Go and get it. *Geo. rushes towards Chas. with drawn sword. Hack. goes for sword. Muiketry and cheering heard to* L.)

Hack. Get back, Colonel, the Yanks are coming! (*all exit* R—*Music—Scene closes.*)

SCENE FOURTH.

Enter Geo. C. and Hack. R.

Geo. Well, Albert; I wish you to guard this post to night, for the reason that it is one of importance, and I know you to be a man who can safely be trusted with any positon requiring courage and strict obedience to orders. The Yankee pickets have discovered before this, that their Captain has been trapped, and they may attempt a rescue. You know he is confined but a short distance from here. We have him fast now, and I do not intend that he shall escape me; so keep a sharp look out, and if you see or hear anything suspicious—warn me at once. (*Exit* R.)

Hack. (*Salutes*) I will Col.—Well, now, this may be a position of honor and trust, but I'll be cussed if I can see any profit in it, ha! ha! Well, the Col's got his brother where he wants him, and I suppose he thinks I am interested enough in his capture to willingly stand guard all night, but he's mistaken there. By Jove! I wouldn't have helped capture him, only I thought to make a good thing out of the Col. by it; and I'll let him know that it aint honor and glory that I'm after in this war, for that wont feed a man, or fill his purse. (*Feels in pocket.*) I wonder if I left camp without my bottle of hartshorn? O no; here it is. (*drinks*) Confound the Col! Why didn't he put a private here instead of me? I'm no Soldier, I'm a Guerilla, and what fightin' I do, I want to do on my own hook. (*drinks*). I wish I was in the mountain again. There was a nice little crowd of us up there before Captain Dick was gobbled, but the Yanks have wiped us out, till there aint a Corporal's

Guard of us left; and I reckon if we didn't keep close to the army we'd fare mighty slim. (*Drinks. (Enter Hans and Flip.* L.) By Jove! that was a sharp game I played on the Col.'s brother.

Flip. Dars Massa Hackney. Golly! Dutchy; did ye eber see dat chicken afore?

Hans. Py Yiminy! he vas dot fellar vat we vas goin to hang, aind ud? (*Draws horse pistol.*)

Flip. Sh—don't let im see dat Howitzer.

Hack. Whoo! By Jove! I hope they'll hang the young Blue Jay, an so I do. (*hic*) (*Business.*) Hooray!

Flip. * * De Cap'n done tole me to tell you he'd send anoder man to take yer place afore long.

Hack. Eh, (*hic*) all right old Snowball.

Flip. Yah! Yah! Say who was it ye hopes dey'll hang?

Hack. Why its a young rooster that (*hic*) belongs to the Yankee army, his name is Chas. Carrington, (*hic*) an' he's a brother to our Col. (*Drinks.*)

Flip. * * I done forgot it.

Hack. Get out you thunder-cloud, I wont do it.

Flip. * * Guv me de password.

Hack. (*Looks up.*) By Heaven! that's the Col.'s old nigger. (*Raises gun.*) (*Hans forces him back and puts knife to his throat.*)

Hans. Tole uf dot Gountersign quicker ash lightning—

Hack. Stonewall Jackson.—Curse you!

Hans. All ride, (*puts knife in belt*) of you make any noises I skin off your scallup.

Hack. Boys, help!— (*Music.*) *Hans and Flip. gag him and drag him off* L., *and return.*)

Flip. * * wese got too be mighty keerful too.

Hans. Yaw, dot ish drue, py Yiminy! ve must find right away oud vere de Gaptain vas, und den ve surround dem Greypacks, eh! und den of de Shonnys

go for us we schlock em on de koup right away quick already, eh?

Flip. Yes, I reckon so; but talk United States an den I'll know what ye means.

Hans. Ish dot so. Vell Sharley vas my Gaptain, und I took em pack of I dies.

Flip. Bully for Dutchy! Guv me dat goose hook. Ise wid ye. Yah! Yah!

Hans. Sh—shtop dem noises, und cum mid me—(*Exit* R.) (*Music.*)

SCENE FIFTH.

Chas. discovered in prison—sentinel pacing in rear.

Chas. Well, here I am at last—caged, as my brother in gray has expressed it, in a Rebel prison, with a sentinel watching me as a cat watches a mouse. Well, it is my own fault. In making a reconnoisance of the enemy's camp alone, I rushed blindly into a trap. I wonder what they intend to do with me. Will they hold me as a prisoner of war, or will they conduct me to the Headquarters of their Commander-in-Chief, charged with being a Federal spy. Ah, here comes Col. Carrington, I shall soon know my fate.

Enter Geo. C. R.

Geo. Well, youngster; I hope I find you contented in your new quarters. How does prison fare agree with you?

Chas. I have been treated better than I expected at your hands; and as for prison fare, I have no reason, under the circumstances, to complain.

Geo. Very well, sir; you may have good reason to complain, and that before long, for if I am not greatly mistaken there is a worse fate in store for you than captivity, (*Chas. starts.*) Yes, worse even than death on the battle-field.

Chas. Will you inform me what that fate may be?

Geo. The fate of a spy—death on the scaffold.

Chas. Death on the scaffold!

Geo. Yes; I hold the proofs of your guilt, and I can have you tried and hung before to-morrow night. Still, there may be one condition on which your life might be spared.

Chas. Name that condition, George.

Geo. I will; and think well before you answer, for remember a word from me decides your fate. The condition is this, that you leave the Northern army and swear allegiance to the South.

Chas. Is that all?

Geo. Yes; do you consent?

Chas. No, never! George, I am young and life is sweet, but had I a thousand lives I would sacrifice them all first!

Geo. That is your answer, is it? Well, die then. I know you to be a Federal spy, and although I would wish to save you, for mother and Bettie's sake, I would not be doing my duty as a soldier if I failed to report you to Gen. Bragg.

Chas. Ah, George, I see that the thought of mother and sister touches a tender spot in your heart. Then you have some feeling yet, George but you would not save me for their sake even. There is a feeling of bitter hate in your bosom against me, and you want revenge, which you can have. I am in your power now, and I neither ask nor expect any mercy from you. (*Exit Geo. slowly*, L.) He has gone, and will no doubt bring my case before his commander. If he should I shall receive a drum-head courtmartial, be condemned, and perhaps executed by the order of my own brother. Great Heaven! Is there no chance to escape! (*Looks around.*) I am afraid there is none. The prison is well guarded and it would be folly to attempt it.

Enter four prisoners R. *singing Tramp, Tramp.*

(*Enter Geo.* R.) Get back out of this you Yankee dogs, or I'll give you a tramp to your long homes! (*Exit prisoners.*)

Chas. Colonel, could you not place me in the other yard with the rest of the prisoners? I wish to see if there are any from my regiment.

Geo. No, it's against orders; and you wouldn't stay there long anyhow, for you are to be tried in about an hour, and will be hung, no doubt, at sunrise to-morrow.

Chas. To be hung! Well, so be it then. It is no more than I expected. Hang me if you will. You will find there are enough blue coats within two miles of here who will avenge me. I will die like a man in the service of my country, and dying I will dare and defy you all.

Geo. Very well; I gave you a choice of two things and you have decided. Here, you can stop your mouth with that if you choose. (*Hands food.*)

Chas. I do not want it. I hear prisoners begging for food—give it to them. (*Exit Geo.* R.) Oh, mother! Bettie! and darling Minnie! Could I see you all once more, I could then die in peace. I am to be hung as a spy, and there is no help for me. Well, I will bear it like a man, trusting in the God of Battles, who doeth all things well. (*Slow music. Looks up and sees Flip's head over Stockade.*

Flip. Sh—

Hans. Keep shud mid yer moud. (*Sentinel in passing to* L. *is seized and le over into stockade.*)

Flip. (*with knife.*) If ye so much as winks I'll 'sassinate you into a cotton gin.

Hans. Of ye makes any prains, I plow yer noises oud.

Flip. * * Is ye hurt anywhar?

Chas. No, my brave boys; but tell me, Flipper, where are mother and Bettie?

Flip * * Safe frue de Yankee lines.

Chas Thank God! They are safe then. How in the world did you get here without being captured?

Flip. * * chuck in to de bushes to sleep off his drunk.

Hans. Vell, das vas all ride, but we got no dime

to dalk aboud dose dings. It vas petter of ye git mid yerselluf ride avay oud, pooty quick.

Chas. You are right, Hans ; now or never.

Hans. Fleeper, gif de Gaptain a bistol.

Flip. Yes sah! (*Hands Chas. pistol.*)

Hans. Now you gid ride avy inside oud mid de Yongee lines, und I shtay mid de rear oud pack und geep an eye on dem fellars already. (*All exit over stockade, Hans in rear.*)

(*Enter Geo. and soldiers.*) Curse him! he has escaped! There is treason here. After him boys! and a commission to the man who takes him alive! (*Quick music—Soldiers rush to stockade, and scene closes quickly.*)

SCENE SIXTH.

Enter Chas. and Flip. on the run, followed by Hans, who falls at L , *and shoots soldier entering at* R.

Hans. Hold! of you bleases! I fights mid der Union, und I nefer goes pack on ud. (*Exit* L. *Scene opens on battlefield.*)

SCENE SEVENTH.

Yankees and Rebs heard from either side.

Reb. Hello, Yank! Draw in that musket.

Yank. All right, Johnny ; what'll you have?

R. How's yer hardtack?

Y. A little wormy. How's corn bread?

R. Lots of it—ground cob and all.

Y. What state are you from?

R. Tennesseee. Who are you fellars?

Y. Pennsylvanians. How many men have you?

R. Enough to clean out you'ns. How many have you?

Y. Charge on us, and you'll soon find out.

R. All right. Say, Yanks ; ye got any grub to trade for tobacco?

Y. Yes; bring out your tobacco

R. Won't ye shoot?

Y. No; not till you fellows commence.

R. Well, here goes then. (*Privates step out on stage—Bus.—Chas. and Geo. step out one pace.*)

Geo. Back to your posts!

Yank. Good bye, Johnny; and look out for the top of your head.

Reb. Good bye, Yank, I'll mark ye if I can.

(*Battle. Music. All get out of sight and commence firing. Rebels advance and fall back. Federals advance and fall back. Rebels advance and fall back quickly. Grand charge and tableau. No. 1 Chas. and Geo.; No. 2, Harry and Hackney; No. 3, Flip and Bill; No. 4, Hans and two rebels. Bettie catches flag as it falls from Harry's hand. No. 5, soldiers with drawn swords, clubbed muskets, etc. End of Act III.*

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.

Battlefield by night. Geo. discovered wounded. Slow music.

Geo. Help! Oh, is there no help! We are beaten. I remember now, that last bold charge of the Yankees drove our men back in confusion, and the blue coats are masters of the field. Oh, this wound! If I could but staunch the blood that is flowing from this horrid bullet hole in my breast, I might live to reach our lines. Oh, I can not! I am too weak. Great Heaven! must I die here on this battlefield, with none but the dead around me; without one friend or comrade to soothe me in my dying moments! All is still. The firing has ceased. The battle is over and the field is covered with brave men, both gray and blue, whose lips are sealed, as mine soon will be, in death. Oh, mother, Bettie! where are they? And Charles—a curse!—no! no!—I will not curse him with my dying breath. I would be thankful for his aid now, if he is my enemy. But a curse

loud and deep upon the fiend who brought this cruel war upon us. It is indeed father against son, and brother against brother! (*Music.—Faints.—Enter Hack.* R., *lantern in hand, rob'bing dead.*)

Hack. (*Goes to Geo.*) What! Col. Carrington! I supposed that he escaped the fury of our last fight unhurt. Is the fellow dead, I wonder, or has he only fainted from loss of blood? Ah! he breathes yet; but he is badly wounded and will soon die. It's not often that a soldier is worth much after receiving a minnie ball through his body. The Col. was a brave fellow; and although I have seen men whom I liked better, I do say that he deserved a better fate. I don't know that I can help him any. I think he is too far gone; but I will stay on the field until he is dead, and then I will take charge of his gold watch and other valuables, which I will restore to his friends, of course, when I get through with them. (*Searches the dead.*)

Geo. (*Raises up.*) Did I not hear a voice? Ah! Albert, my old friend, is it you? I am severely wounded, Albert; help me to the rear. Quick before my strength all leaves me.

Hack. (*Aside.*) By Jove! I can't say that I like this. (*To Col.*) Col.; I would gladly help you if I could; but it is impossible to remove you at present. You are weak, the Federals hold every inch of this ground, and every bush and tree hides a blue coat, so you see our capture would be certain.

Geo. You will let me die then, or fall into the enemy's hands, and not make one effort to save me? Shame!

Hack. Col.; I can't save you. 'Twould be folly to attempt it. I have risked my life a thousand times in the past twenty-four hours, and I will have my hands full to take care of myself, if I get out of this mess with a whole skin.

Geo. Albert; will a brave man risk his life to save that of a wounded comrade? He will if he is not a base coward.

Hack. Col. Carrington, beware! or I will take the little life you have left.

Geo. Ah! but I have one more cartridge left, and as long as I have life I will defend myself? What is that you are holding in your hand?

Hack. Eh? Oh, that's nothing but a trinket I took from the pocket of a dead Yankee.

Geo. What? Have you been robbing the dead?

Hack. Well; what if I have? That's a part of my business in this war.

Geo. I suspected it; and I know your game now. I know why you refused to help me. You would wait until death came, when you would have robbed me as you have robbed others for a robber of the dead always treats friend and foe alike. But your career is run, Albert Hackney. You have robbed the last soldier!

Hack. What? (*Geo. shoots.*) Oh!—I!—Curse!—you!—cur! (*Falls towards Geo. with knife in hand. Dies.*)

Geo. My arm is weak, but thank heaven my aim was true. The bullet intended for a Union soldier has rid the world of a wretch too heartless, too brutal to be called man—a cruel robber of the battle field. (*Faints. Chas. and Flipper rush on stage* L.)

Chas. Flipper did you hear a shot?

Flip. * * Suah, for sartin!

Chas. (*Goes to Geo.*) George! (*To Flip.*) He is not dead, Flipper. He breathes Away to camp and bring mother and Bettie. (*Exit Flip.* L.) George, look up and speak to me; it is Charles, your brother!

Geo. Water! water! (*Chas gives him water and he revives and recognizes Chas.*) Charles—Carrington—you have come to take me to a Yankee prison.

Chas. No, George, you are not a prisoner; I have come to help you—as a friend and not an enemy.

Geo. As a friend? I am glad of that, Charles, but you cannot help me—it's too late. Look at this ragged wound and you will soon see that I am beyond all earthly help. Charles have you ever heard from

mother and Bettie?

Chas. Yes, George; they are at the Federal camp and I have sent for them. (*Enter Widow and Bettie.*)

Bettie. Oh, George! my brother! (*Weeps.*)

Widow. My dear boys! You were enemies in battle, but thank heaven, you are friends once more.

Geo. Yes, mother; we were enemies, and fought each other. I drew my sword against the old flag because I thought it my duty. Perhaps I was wrong, but I am done now, and I too thank heaven that we are friends once more; and if I have sinned against heaven I ask a merciful God to judge and forgive me. Raise me! There lies the body of Albert Hackney, the guerrilla. He was robbing the dead—friend and foe—he would have robbed me, but I shot him with my last cartridge. Water! I am dying! Charles, bury me with the brave men who fell with me. Mother! Bettie! fare—well. (*Dies. Bettie in attitude of prayer.*)

Ch s. Poor brother! he has gone. He has fought his last battle; he has died a soldier's death. (*Slow music. Scene closes.*)

SCENE SECOND.

Enter Hans with Bill.

Hans. Vell. dot makes not any difference Yon vas mine brisoner, aind ud? Hold! Apout ride frond! Back a leedle! Whoa! Heels in—toes oud! Say; my graypack frient, I tink I vas bromoted since dot pig battle, ven we gleaned you rebels oud, and now I drills dem brivates, eh? Vell, I not knows pooty much apout ud; und so bractice on you a leedle already.

Bill. I aint no soldier.

Hans. Shed yer moud ub, or I knock ye in dree bieces so quick I don know how ud vas mineselluf! You was a gowardly pushwhacker vot nefer fights only ven you got four ro one, dond ud? Attention! Ride drees! dot vos nice! Von bace behint! Back ub, eh? It ish petter of you vatch does piseness.

Mark two dimes. Go! Shtop a leedle! I dole you to mark ud two dimes, und ven you mark ud more ash two dimes, by Yiminy! I preak your noses in doo blaces already, aind ud? You vas de plack sheep mid de company. Attention! rebel army—lefd faces py de ride flank—oben your moud—geep your eyes on de Yankee gamp—go shtraid ahead! March! (*Rides Bill off stage* L.—*Music—Scene opens on Federal Camp with suttler's tent, signs, etc.*)

SCENE THIRD.

Camp—soldiers discovered. Sign, "Pickles 25 cents each."

Serg't. Fall in for roll call. (*Answer to names and missing.*) Hans Lagerbum.

Soldier. Missing.

(*Enter Hans and prisoner.*) Ish dat so? Vell it ish petter of you dond lie apout ud. I vas here mid mineselluf, already. (*All Cheer.*)

Serg't. Hans, whom have you there?

Hans. Oh, dot ish one o' dem fellars vot fights mid Jeff Davis.

(*Enter Flip.*) * * fraid de guerrillas had 'cotched ye, suah.

Hans. Ish dot so? Vell, by Yiminy! you vas got fooled a leedle. Look a here, mine plack frient; dare ish a fellar vot I surrou nded, look of dot faces.

Flip. * * look out dar for old ironsides, Duchy. (*Bus.*)

Serg't. Enough of this boys! Come, Hans, give us a song. (*Song.*)

Enter Chas., Harry, Widow and Bettie.

Chas. Well, boys, we have just heard some cheering news.

Serg't. What is it, Cap?

Chas. Lee has surrendered to Gen. Grant; and our regiment starts to-morrow for the North.

All. Hurrah!

Hans. By Yiminy! Gaptain, we got some of dose lager and pretzels pooty quick; dond ud?

Flip. * * till de ole missus does, no how.

Harry. Certainly, Flip; you have stayed by us and now we will stay by you. Keep with Hans, and you'll come out all right.

Flip. * * dey won't snap a feller up and set him a pickin' cotton, will dey?

Harry. I guess not Flip., for we don't raise cotton up there; but you may have a chance to hoe corn.

Chas. Well, boys; Harry and I with my mother and sister, start for Philadelphia to-night; and before we leave let's sing, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground. (*Song.—All bid good bye.*)

Harry. Good bye, Hans. Come to our house as soon as you get home, and bring Flipper with you. (*Chas. and Harry with ladies exit* L.—*Music—Soldiers march off* R.—*Scene closes.*)

SCENE FOURTH.

(*Enter Flip.* R.) * * an dat Dutchman knows jis whar to go to.

Enter Newsboy.) Here's your Morning Press! (*Scares Flip., who runs to* R. *and meets Hans with beer keg. Both fall down.*)

Flip. * * I'd mash ye right heah.

Hans. Ish dot so? Vell, you make of me room.

News boy. Here's your Morning Press! All about Lee's surrender.

Hans and Flip. both advance.

Hans. You got a Deitch paber leedle poy? (*Flip snatches paper and holds it up side down—Hans picks up b er.*) Come on, Fleeper, we go und got some rations.

News boy. Say; give me that paper, you old wooly-headed sucker! (*News b y follows Flipper off* L., *kicking him. etc.—Bus.—Music.*

SCENE FIFTH.

Scene opens in Mr. Haven's parlor.—Mr. Haven Mrs. Haven, Widow C., Minnie Haven, Chas. C., Bettie C., Harry Haven.

Mr. Haven. (*Looks up from paper.*) Well, boys;

the war is over at last. The rebellion is fairly crushed—thanks to our brave boys in blue who did their duty so nobly and well! They have carried the stars and stripes through the very hot-bed of secession, and have learned those Southern traitors that to fire upon it is a crime which can not go unpunished.

Chas. Yes; Mr. Haven, the war is over, and the victory is ours; but when I look over our thinned ranks, and miss the many brave men who marched with us to the front in '62, I realize the terrible though willing sacrifice that our country has made to save our glorious Union; and while other nations dared to interfere in behalf of the South, however, because it was a war between sister states, where brother crossed swords with brother, yet we taught them that we could settle our own quarrel; and that no traitor owing allegiance to the old flag could insult it with impunity.

Harry. Father; you may thank Miss Carrington for the return of this flag. The wound I received at Stone River, slight as it was, stunned me for a moment, and the flag dropped from my hand and might have been captured had it not been caught by her before it touched the ground.

Mr. H Oh! but you are a brave girl, Miss Bettie, and should we have another war you ought to command a regiment.

Mrs Carrington. Ah! Mr. Haven, don't speak of another war; think of another war. Think of the sorrow that this war has brought upon our family; it has taken one son from me besides making us homeless.

Bettie. It has made us homeless for the present, only, mother. We will go back to Tennessee and reclaim our property, won't we Charles?

Chas. Indeed we will, Bettie; all that the rebels have not burned or carried away.

Mrs. Haven. Well, don't talk of going home yet I am sure there is no use in it. Mrs. Carrington

needs rest, and I intend she shall stay with me this summer; and Bettie don't wish to go home yet, I know.

Minnie. No, indeed, mother; and you must not let her go until we become better acquainted. (*All appear to be conversing.—Hans and Flip. seen at* L. *—Bus.—Knock heard to* L..)

Mr. Haven. C'come in! (*To party*) It's the milk boy I presume. (*Enter Flip. followed by Hans* L.—*Minnie discovers Flip and screams, scaring Flip, who rushes to do r, knocking down Hans.—All laugh.*)

Hans. (*Raising up.*) By Yiminy! dot was dree dimes I got me knocked down of dot plack fellar; und I dond like ud pooty mooch already.

Mr. H. Hans, is it you? (*Advances.*) I am glad to see you home again safe and sound.

Hans. Ish dot so? Vell, I feels pooty goot all de vile. I fights mid de Union so mooch as dree years. We vip dem Secesh, und now we comes pack und drinks our lager in bieces, dond ud.

Mrs. H. (*Advances to Hans and shakes hands.*) Take a chair, Hans. (*Hans takes seat near Harry.*)

Harry. Why, where is old Flip? (*Advances to door and calls*) Flipper!

Flip. Yes sah!

Harry. Come in, you rascal; what are you doing out there.

Flip. * * young missus squeal agin. (*Bus.*)

Harry. No, no. She has recovered from her fright. Take a chair, Father, this is Flipper, an old slave of Mrs. Carrington's, who during the war proved himself a true friend and a faithful guide to the Unionists of Tennessee. It was he who parried the murderous blow aimed at me by the villian Hackney at the battle of Stone River. To him I owe my life.

Mr. H. Is it possible? (*Extends hand quickly and speaks in a loud voice, which scares Flip., who again runs.*) Give me your hand, my brave fellow! Why, what's he running for?

Chas. He is not used to such scenes, and is somewhat embarassed, I should judge. (*To Flip.*) Flipper, come in here, sir! What are you afraid of?

Flip. * * ole man'll mash me.

Chas. Well, you have nothing to fear. He is your friend.

Flip. * * mash me suah! Yah! yah!

Mr. H. Mash you! Certainly not. I only wished to thank you for the gallant service you rendered my son. (*Both advance and shake hands.*)

Flip. * * Duchy an' me left de regiment down by de railroad, an' dey'll be a comin up dis way, I reckon.

Mrs. H. Yes; and we must go and meet them, father. The boys have earned a hearty welcome, and should receive it.

Mr. H. You are right, mother, we will give them a welcome. Come, Charles and Harry, they will need you too when the regiment comes in. But we must have a song first, and then we will let the boys know we have not forgotten them. It is too bad to interrupt you, I know, but you can talk your soft nonsense hereafter. The brave deserve the fair, I suppose, and as Mrs. Carrington and myself are both good natured, we will consent to anything reasonable.

Flip. * * Say, Duchy, dey's a stealin yer lager beer.

Hans. (*Springing up.*) Ish dot so?, Etc., etc. (*Chas and Harry, Minnie and Bettie advance to the front and sing. Sound of cannon—loud cheering.*)

Flip. * * De day o' jubilee am come now for sartin

Hans Dat ish drue, ole Fleeper; und now I goes right avay of dot muster oud man und got my spreat eagle; und den I pits of dem pullyey fellars goot py, vot I figts in de ranks mid de Union, und nefer goes pack on ud for more ash dree years, dond ud? By Yiminy! I vas glad to get home of dose pad blaces, und be mid God's country once more. (*Reverently.*)

Mr. H. Yes, Hans; but there are mothers and children looking for those who will never return—looking for husbands and fathers whose bones lie to-day bleaching in the sun on the mountains and plains of the Sunny South. (*To Audience.*) And while we live to enjoy the blessings won by their valor and patriotism, let us not forget the sacred objects for which they fought and died. We appeal to everyone to aid in helping the widows and orphans left to our care and protection; and should our starry banner ever again be hauled down by enemies at home or abroad, you will find that we are still "TRUE BLUE." (*Hans and Flip. quickly clear stage.—All exit* L. *in the following order: Mr. H. with Mrs. H. and Mrs. C. Chas. and Minnie, Harry and Bettie, Hans & Flip*).

SCENE SIXTH.

Soldiers march on stage L., *singing chorus of "Marching through Georgia." When in proper position leader begins and all join in the chorus, "Marching, etc.," assisted by ladies, who enter with Mr. H. At conclusion of song all march around twice, Hans. and Flip in rear. At second time around soldiers form hollow square, with fixed bayonets. Scene opens on tableau, Goddess of Liberty, etc. Slow curtain.* END.

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